UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

The Crisis Within Culture - - - - - - - - *F. H. Amphlett Micklewright*

Voices of Latin America - *John H. Hershey*

Portrait in Smoke - *Edith Lovejoy Pierce*

Marx and Religion - - *Hugh W. Weston*

Service for Women in an Old New Hampshire Church - - *Wallace Tibbetts*

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The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

A Democratic Economy

It is commonly said today that if we are to save our political democracy it must be extended to our economic affairs. That necessity comes from the fact that our house is now divided against itself. Since monopoly became strong in our business life the autocratic economic power it organizes continually encroaches on the democratic political power of the people. It supports the political machines, the bosses, the lobbies that subvert our democracy. It helped the rise of Fascism in Europe and has taken its leaders into partnership. Can Americans also be deceived by the "free enterprise" propaganda behind which our economic autocracy hopes to restore and extend its sway?

The only way to prevent our economic autocrats from destroying the people's political power is to take their economic sovereignty away from them and extend the people's democratic power over our economic affairs. This does not at present mean that full economic democracy for which Americans are technically but not psychologically ready. It does mean the maintenance, the extension, and the fuller democratization of the kind of economic controls we have found necessary for the winning of the war. This is the necessary road to the winning of the peace. To win the war the peoples' power had to be supreme over the capitalists' economic power in labor relations, the provision and use of capital and raw materials, the supplying of consumers' needs. With much more delay, profit, and waste than was necessary, because full democratic planning and control was resisted, we have done a better economic job than we ever did in peacetime.

The immediate objective for economic democracy is democratic control of the key points in the economic process from raw materials to the consumer. It means the limitation of profit at least to the extent of abolishing slums—city and rural—and giving to the nation the healthy and educated citizenship without which it cannot remain free and successively meet the challenge of the future. The ground for this advance has been laid in part by our social security legislation, in part by the cooperative movement, and more by workers gaining the legal right to share in making the terms of employment through representatives of their own choosing. For this many in the labor movement literally gave their lives as others before them fought to the death to secure the political freedom we now enjoy. But collective bargaining, consumers and producers cooperatives, social security legislation are only first steps in economic democracy, ineffective if others are not taken.

It is time now to extend democratic power to other points in the economic process which are still considered the exclusive domain of owners and managers. Over and over our Church statements have affirmed that the development of persons, not profit, is properly the first aim of the economic process. It is time now to act upon that, to turn principle into practice. The need is compelling, the opportunity is here.

—Leaflet VI: "Extend Democracy." *Published by Unitarian Fellowship for Justice.*

UNITY

"He Hath Made of One All Nations of Men"

Volume CXXX AUGUST, 1944 No. 6

Editorial Comments

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES

I

It would be easy to ridicule the present presidential campaign now well under way. The temptation to cynicism will be strong upon us until November 5th next. These national conventions are such an arrant "show," artificial and unimaginative in every item of their performance! The platforms, laboriously written and pontifically proclaimed, are such an obvious hypocrisy! What party pays any attention to its platform once it is elected to office? The candidates are so plainly playing parts in a drama elaborately staged and carefully rehearsed—not a word spoken nor a thing done except to produce calculated effects upon the public mind! Everything straightforward, spontaneous, even honest, eliminated as dangerous as "ad lib." lines or business in a play! Almost instinctively one groans at the thought of what we have got to go through between now and election day. Yet would it be not only ungracious but utterly wrong to yield to this spirit of contempt. Whatever the sham and shame of a typical political campaign, there remains nonetheless something true and honorable and enormously important in what is done. Get behind the politicians to the people. These people know what is going on. The great majority of them are not fooled at all by "the tumult and the shouting" of the quadrennial circus. Apart from all the externalities of eye and ear, deep down in the quiet places of their own hearts, men and women are thinking things through. They are making decisions fateful to the nation's life. And they welcome the coming of election day once in four years as giving them opportunity to register these decisions. The existing political system may give a narrow range of choice. It is a defective agency of progress, no doubt about that. But it is nonetheless democracy at work—democracy getting things done, however slowly and painfully—democracy vindicating freedom in the life of a great people. Whittier, in his famous poem on "The Poor Voter on Election Day," caught the meaning and spirit of this momentous occasion. This poem is sentimental, if you will have it so. The realistic cynic can reveal its nonsense as set over against the grim political conditions of our American life. But at bottom, and in essence, Whittier was right in what he set down with his gifted pen. Liberty seemed never so precious as in these days of totalitarianism. Liberty is busy in this campaign. The voters will have no chance to bring in the Kingdom of Heaven next November, but they will make decisions fraught with destiny, and that is much.

II

These pilotless bombs that the Nazis have been firing at England have an ominous significance. They are fiendish enough in themselves—an atrocity of the worst description, for which there can be no adequate denunciation. To think of these bombs aimed at nothing, liable to hit anything, visiting immeasurable destruction upon unseen and unknown targets, is to be overwhelmed with horror. The Nazis have surpassed themselves—which is saying a good deal! But this robot bombing is significant not only for what it does today but also for what it threatens tomorrow. Here is hideous evidence of what these Nazis are going to undertake before this war is over—namely, wreak every last vestige of agony and loss upon their victorious foes. These bombs have no military importance. They cannot change nor even delay the outcome of this war. Their very aimlessness is proof of their futility. All they can do is to make the victory of the United Nations more expensive, and the pain of countless innocent people more dreadful. The pilotless bombs are bad enough. But what is to follow this horror? Will poison gas be the next step? Is germ warfare being planned in secret laboratories of the Reich? Anything is imaginable and alas possible in this most awful of all wars. And always there remains the wanton devastation that may be wrought by Nazi hands—countrysides burned black, towns and cities levelled to the ground—as Hitler's hosts are forced back beyond the frontiers of Germany. That the Fuehrer, like the blind Samson of old, will tear down the whole temple of European life with him is altogether probable. A "Götterdammerung" upon the continent would please him even more than on the Wagnerian stage! If this is to be our fate, the Nazi price of victory, then there would seem to be nothing to do, on the basis of a policy of unconditional

surrender, but meet and endure it as best we can. Always ourselves refraining scrupulously from retaliation! For if there is anything worse than an original atrocity, it is its imitation and extension. That we must do a certain thing to the enemy because the enemy has first done this thing to us, is at once a poor rule of war and a vile principle of ethics. In this flying bomb business, there has happily appeared not the slightest suggestion from any quarter that we should "go and do likewise." On the contrary, it has been strongly argued that this monstrous weapon should be officially outlawed by international agreement. This is an excellent idea—so excellent that we would go even further and outlaw war itself.

III

On July 2nd last, the *Boston Herald* published the following Associated Press dispatch from Balleroy, France:

> One of the strangest battlefield scenes in all the invasion of France occurred this afternoon in no man's land near here when eight German nurses captured in Cherbourg were returned to the enemy lines. For thirty minutes the guns stopped roaring, snipers held their fire, and the mortars were silent while two ambulances and a jeep rolled down the lonely road between the lines. A few hundred yards beyond Caumont the procession stopped and Capt. Quentin Roosevelt, son of Brig. Gen. Theodore Roosevelt, and Capt. Fred Ghercke stepped out. They were met by two German officers who had a party of enlisted men well to their rear. The enemy officers saluted stiffly. One said in English:
>
> "It's a very hot day, isn't it?"
>
> "Yes, it is," Capt. Roosevelt answered.
>
> And then the German nurses climbed from the ambulance and walked down the road to the German lines. The German officers saluted formally, wheeled and walked away. A few minutes later the guns began booming again.

I like this story immensely, for two reasons. In the first place, it reveals so clearly the whole damnfoolishness of war. Here, for half an hour, American and German officers agree to act like gentlemen. They do so easily though formally, with dignity, courtesy, and mutual trust. They join in fulfilling a laudable purpose together. Then, at the end of the half-hour, their mission done, they go back to the grim business of killing one another. How can soldiers keep their faces straight in the midst of silliness of this kind? What saves them from dying of what Homer called "inextinguishable laughter"? But I like this story for another reason—a deadly serious reason! I refer to the fact that these American and German officers, for a period of half an hour, on one sector of the Normandy front, *stopped the war*. They did so on the basis of a negotiated arrangement advantageous to both sides. They had communication together, and used this communication for ends of peaceful cooperation. They trusted one another, and their trust was not violated. If this can be done now on a small scale, why can it not be done on a large scale? If the war can be stopped to serve the convenience of eight German nurses, why can it not be stopped to serve and save the life of humanity? This would seem to be something worth thinking about.

IV

That was a curious dispatch which came to the *New York Times* from Italy, describing the correspondent's interview with George Santayana. The great philosopher was found in a little room in the convent of the English Blue Sisters on the Celian Hill in the grounds of the old church of Santo Stefano Rotondo. Mr. Herbert L. Matthews, the *Times* correspondent, called the place "an ivory tower." There, quietly immured, Santayana was hardly aware that a war was on and that Rome had been conquered again. In so far as he was aware, he was not concerned. When Mr. Matthews tried to bring him up to date by telling him about Italy, Fascism, Russia, and the struggle against Hitler, he "seemed only mildly interested." When the talk turned upon Communism and Fascism, he expressed no feeling of either opposition or approval, but affirmed that there were doubtless "good things in both, as well as bad things." Asked about his occupations, he said that he had been reading Racine and Dickens. "They are new to me," he said, "because they are eternal." Then he explained that "he lived in the eternal"—which reminds one of Spinoza's famous injunction that we should all live "sub specie aeternitatis"! There is something inescapably sublime in all this. In one's weariness of flesh and spirit these days, one may well envy Santayana his serene seclusion. One wonders, also, if the philosopher's almost contemptuous aloofness from the clamorous calamities of these times may not be anticipatory of the attitude of posterity toward this ghastly age. Madly we destroy one another, and touch little of the basic issues of man's real life upon this planet. It is not by wars that the race is delivered, but by wars that the progress, happiness, and even survival of the race are placed in hazard. Yet there seems something fundamentally wrong in Santayana's whole attitude! As one places his convent cell over against the terrific panorama of Rome and Italy and Europe in this hour, this attitude takes on an almost insufferable arrogance. Who is Santayana, even *Santayana,* that he should thus proudly withdraw to his soul's Olympus, and there with the indifferent gods of his ideas, look down coolly and calmly upon perishing mankind? One feels this pettiness of spirit in Santayana's recent autobiography which reveals a mind superior to and therewith scornful of all that this world can offer. Spinoza was undoubtedly right in his great saying, but what he meant was that we should live "sub specie aeternitatis" in the midst of life and not apart from it.

V

A month after is not too late to commemorate the immortal fame of JAMES MOFFAT, who died on June 27th last. This fame is not widespread among the public generally, but it is immortal in the sense that it will endure for an indefinite period in the tradition of the

Christian Church and of its Bible. It may be said without exaggeration that as long as the Bible is remembered and read, so long Doctor Moffat will be remembered and read. For it was James Moffat who translated the Bible into the modern English vernacular. He did for our day what John Wycliffe did for his day—gave the Bible to the people in their own tongue. Moffat's was not exactly the epoch-making feat that Wycliffe's was, for in Wycliffe's time the Bible had existed hitherto only in Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. The great Lollard preacher began the work which reached its glorious culmination in the King James version of 1610 and made the Bible a classic work of our own English literature. But the very classic character of the standard text has today tended to remove the Scriptures once more from popular usage and understanding. So Moffat set himself to the task of making a new translation of the Bible into the English language not of King James' day but of our own day. And he did it—giving us in both Old Testament and New a fresh, original, and scholarly version of the sacred text. There is nothing to match this except the so-called American Translation of the Bible published by the University of Chicago, but this is the work of several men and not one (though Doctor Goodspeed did the New Testament single-handed!). The first thing that occurs to one's mind is the stupendous character of Doctor Moffat's achievement. Handling the Hebrew and Greek languages with an equal facility, this great Scotchman reproduced the entire Bible in the familiar language used by men today. He gave us the books of Israel and of the early Christian Church as they would appear if they had been written in this our time. All the old classicisms were removed from his chapters, all the antiquated words and phrases disappeared, all the strange theological ideas were brought up to date, and the Bible thus made to read like a newspaper or a modern book. What this means in the case of the prophets of the Old Testament and the espistles of the New may be imagined. And this feat was performed, be it said, with no sacrifice of scholarship. There was nothing either inaccurate or undignified in his work. When one thinks of the literally colossal nature of such an achievement, one can only exclaim with Dominie Sampson in Scott's *Guy Mannering*—"Prodigious! Prodigious!" Doctor Moffat began his great career in his native Scotland, and ended it in the Union Theological Seminary in New York. So America shares the glory!

VI

This is a flower laid on the grave of Robert Whitaker, dead in Los Gatos, California, on June 30th last. Mr. Whitaker, clergyman and scholar, pacifist, socialist, and radical generally, is best known and will be longest remembered as the author of that immortal hymn, "My Country Is the World," which has become so definitely a part of our thought and language these days that its authorship is oftentimes forgotten. But I think of him most quickly as the Baptist minister of 1917 who was one of the few religious leaders of the nation to refuse to present arms at the government command, and to speak out clearly and bravely in denunciation of the war. He was arrested for his pains—seized at a meeting where he was at the moment engaged in reading the Twenty-third Psalm—and duly tried, convicted, and put in jail. He served his term without complaint, and was embittered not at all. Indeed, the experience only deepened his hatred of war, and bound him fast forever to uncompromising work for peace as the first and most important task of Christianity in these days. Robert Whitaker was one of the freest, as well as bravest, spirits that ever lived. He escaped utterly from the trammels of the orthodox dogmas of faith in which he was born and reared. In politics, his heart went out to radicals everywhere, for he was convinced that we were living in a revolutionary age which was witnessing the breakup of capitalism and the slow but sure coming of a collective or cooperative society. His interest was as wide as the world, and his heart embraced the whole family of mankind. No sectarian creed, no national frontier, no racial pride or prejudice, could bind him. He recognized in this universe of God no distinctions of any kind, and overleaped every barrier reared by the blindness and cruelty of men. Love was his law—and because he believed that "love is of God" and therefore as mighty as God, he turned resolutely away from all methods of force and violence. Doctor Whitaker's clarity of mind was remarkable. His integrity was absolute. He had a courage as stalwart as it was calm and patient. And along with his courage went a gentleness of spirit which was sublime. His religion was the pure essence of Jesus' gospel—and he lived this as well as taught it. Years ago I entered his name solemnly and gratefully upon my private calendar of saints and heroes. Now that he is gone, this name has suddenly become golden, and shines with what I recognize as an eternal lustre. How easy and inevitable, and infinitely beautiful, is the life of the spirit when embodied in such a man! "Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Arthur L. Weatherly

On June 25, 1944, Dr. Arthur L. Weatherly, longtime friend of and contributor to Unity, passed away in his summer home in Hillsboro, New Hampshire.

In his letter of notice to the Unitarian ministers regarding the death of Doctor Weatherly, Dr. Frederick May Eliot, President of the American Unitarian Association, said: "No more loyal friend or gallant servant of mankind has ever belonged to our Fellowship. We salute him with affectionate and undying admiration."

The Crisis Within Culture

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT

The war and its causes may be assumed to represent a crisis of greater magnitude than the actual machinery of hostilities. Axioms formerly accepted without challenge are disputed very generally; previous moral judgments have broken up for many observers. In a very real sense, as Dean Inge has stressed, such circumstances represent the end of an era in the history of mankind. Old cultures have broken down; it is an interim period, for the new substitutes have yet to arise and occupy the vacant niches. The position for modern man, regarded in this way, is not enviable. He can strive to create the new cultural spirit demanded by the critical nature of the period but with the paradoxical background that a culture must grow of its own volition. It is no more possible to build a culture than it is to build a tree! Professor Carr, in *Conditions of Peace,* has no hesitation in diagnosing the temper of the times as one of moral crisis. It is easier to attribute causes than to suggest remedies. Yet at least one hint was given many years ago by Albert Schweitzer when, under the influence of a certain theory of New Testament origins, he attributed the ethics of Jesus of Nazareth to *interimsethick*. The present time calls for an *interimsethick* in culture, an approach thought out and capable of withstanding the storms which must beat upon it till happier days arrive.

On the one hand, there is the suggestion that the present time denotes the death of Humanism. According to Dr. Nathaniel Micklem in his numerous books pleading the case for orthodox Christian theology, the old liberalized variants of Christianity are dead and should be decently buried. In a time of crisis, man needs the whole religious faith of the historic creeds, the full Godhead of Christ, his atonement from sin, his resurrection as the consummation of the processes of redemption. Doctor Micklem is by no means alone in the pleas which he voices over the radio on the B.B.C. program and in his constant writings. He has appealed to Aquinas for intellectual support; his appeal is seconded ably by Mr. Christopher Dawson, who points back to the Middle Ages as a golden age for philosophic thought. A fellow-broadcaster, Doctor Whale, likewise appeals for a revival of Calvinism and suggests that, in the grim stresses of Geneva, man may find help and satisfaction. His method is not unlike the appeal of Doctor Micklem to Aquinas, for both demand an act of initial faith in a traditional theological pattern covering the whole of life. Their difference lies in questionings as to where that faith should be placed. It affords an apt reminder that, in at least one aspect of his many-sided being, John Calvin was the last of the medieval schoolmen rather than a modern man. The method is, at root, irrationalist; its strength lies in its denial of the ultimate worth of the natural reason possessed by the average man; its affinities are with Cardinal Newman and the philosophy of "the illative sense" which he framed in *The Grammar of Assent.* If it be conceded, together with the claims made by a host of lesser writers in defense of "the new orthodoxy," not only is Humanism dead in the more specific sense of the term but so, too, is the whole tradition of theological liberalism from the Eighteenth Century onwards.

At the other extreme, the character of rationalism has changed. The number of scientists willing to interpret the universe in some non-material sense is on the increase; the old atomistic and mechanistic materialism has broken down hopelessly and finds fewer defenders than ever. It may be at least urged on behalf of the Marxist that his dialectical materialism is a blow at the older Victorian theories, for into science he reads assumptions characteristic of a religious faith. Beneficent and inevitable progress does not find the ready defense that it could have had at one time for the asking. If man has progressed morally and spiritually, his upward path has been one of long struggle. There have been periods, such as that since 1919, when relapse and retrogression have been more apparent than a steady growth towards the ideal good. At times, the fatalism of Oswald Spengler has seemed to be justified by contemporary history, though it must never be overlooked that the learned German had no more evidence than empirical fact and that his whole theory of a predestined rise and decline of cultures as due to an inherent process has been challenged by Professor Toynbee when he turned back to the viewpoint that cultural advance or relapse depends upon human endeavor or its lack. Toynbee's monumental *Study of History* marks an epoch in cultural interpretation; it is not without importance that it comes down upon, within broad limits, a rational and humanistic interpretation rather than its opposites.

The retreat from reason signifies in reality very little. It denotes the extent to which some are fearful of facing the modern world and are ready to run back into the caverns of the older theology and its method. Scientific attitudes, relying upon comparison and experiment, have come to stay; to ignore them in the field of theology would only mean that an important area of human research was put out of accord with all that is meant by modernity. Biblical criticism has produced definite results over wider areas of knowledge; thinking men no longer line up their thoughts, experiences, and aspirations beneath such headings as incarnation, atonement, resurrection. To insist upon these religious beliefs at the expense of human reason is to overlook the whole of the evidence which modernity has brought into the field. But it is also to abolish the only satisfactory criteria existing for interpretations of what may be true or untrue. An irrationalist religion may be true or untrue but there are no obvious criteria by which to distinguish it from nonsense. Again, it is clear that, over the wider areas of thought, Christianity has broken down in its old orthodox forms; where it is still accepted, it is under new and strange guises. The attack upon reason is significant. Aquinas at least depended in part upon the exercise of human reason; Calvin defended his views by a process of logical argument. Latter-day attacks upon reason, and parallel appeals to a wholly imaginary "illative sense," do no more than suggest that the signs of the Christian breakdown are apparent wherever reason is made the court of appeal; if the stereotype is to be preserved, it must be along some new line of non-intellectual approach.

A liberal Humanism, incorporating Christian values for living, has an obvious and important part to play

within the creation of an *interimsethick*. There is a desperate search on every side to be seen as varied but constant attempts are made to preserve Christian valuations of life and experience within the modern world. The older, hard-boiled rationalism is unsatisfactory; its scientific premises are uncertain whilst it fails to do justice to the part played by Christian standards of assessment and discrimination within culture-history. Such a book as Julian Huxley's *Religion Without Revelation* affords to it a complete answer. If the moral crisis which mankind is now undergoing is to be surmounted, it must be in spiritual terms which demand religious valuations in cultural discrimination and an overwhelming personal acceptance of the validity of those standards. The liberal stands at an exact antithesis to that adopted by the apostles of "the new orthodoxy" by allowing a complete validity to human reason and experience. At a time of breakdown, it is more than ever necessary that the full potentialities of these things should be explored anew. "The name of Jesus is not so much written as ploughed into the soil of the world," wrote Emerson; in the West, a potent interim culture can only be constructed out of this moral and cultural background which has moulded two thousand years of its civilization. A liberal Humanism is alone capable of demanding a close synthesis of the historic, moral valuations of Christian faith with the part played by the natural man in the here-and-now; it likewise stands alone in desiring to represent itself as a variant but harmonious theme within the general melody sent forth by the several great world faiths. In this sense, it is fully humanistic for it adopts the method of the Sixteenth Century by commencing with individual man; the "I think therefore I am" of Descartes affords to it the first steps in a charter of the natural man as he might become. It is in this direction that the real crisis for culture now lies. So far as any *interimsethick* is concerned, it can retreat into some previous and pre-scientific stage of culture-history or it can go forward, guided by the moral valuations of its Christian past in shaping its thought of the Ideal Good in terms of the natural man whilst seeking to build up a constructive interpretation of the universe moulded from present levels of knowledge and the mental climate of the day. In the one sense, the issue becomes a matter of personal choice but the nature of the choice is revealing. The medievalists and the semi-medievalists can only offer a theological interpretation worked out at a pre-scientific stage and implying a static universe; the liberal Humanist can create a synthesis between reason and emotion by a bringing together of the thought-forms which make up modernity with the intangible lessons of man's own cultural past. It is at least a valid act of faith that the resulting culture may prove sure ground on which to pass over the depths of that interim period that mankind is now fast approaching.

Voices of Latin America*

VI. Alejandro Korn: Argentine Humanist

JOHN H. HERSHEY

After being for many years a doctor of medicine, Alejandro Korn of Argentina became a doctor of philosophy. Furthermore, when seventy years old he joined the Socialist Party of his country and lectured to workers' groups. This remarkable man was born in the town of San Vicente in the Province of Buenos Aires in 1860, the son of a German father and a Swiss mother. Following his study of medicine and psychiatry, he was active for a number of years as practitioner, director of an insane asylum, and teacher of his profession; but in 1916 he abandoned professional practice. It was as early as 1906, however, when he first began to teach philosophy, and he continued in that field until his retirement as professor in the Universities of Buenos Aires and of La Plata in 1930, at the age of seventy. But his activities did not cease. In cooperation with others, he helped found in 1930 the Free College of Superior Studies in Buenos Aires as an "institution of culture," and gave courses in philosophy even though he had retired from teaching in the two universities. In changing from medicine to philosophy, Korn became one of Argentina's leading philisophers.

Alejandro Korn died in Buenos Aires in October, 1936, at the age of seventy-six. Pedro Henríquez Ureña, a native of the Dominican Republic and a professor now in Argentina, has said of him that he was a "master of knowledge and virtue." Since Korn's death two institutions have been founded honoring and bearing his name. In the Free College of Superior Studies, mentioned above, an Alejandro Korn chair was established, dedicated exclusively to philosophic studies. Francisco Romero, devoted friend of Korn and himself a professor of philosophy in the Universities of Buenos Aires and of La Plata, is the secretary of the Alejandro Korn chair. Writing of Korn, Romero has said: "The true master is always master of life and conduct. Alejandro Korn was guide and master in the fullest sense of the term." The other institution in remembrance of the Argentine thinker is the Popular University Alejandro Korn in the city of La Plata; it is an educational center of general studies.

As a writer, Korn translated German novels, edited a review, and wrote a number of books on philosophy. Two of his important works are *Ensayos Filosóficos* (*Philosophic Essays*) and *Apuntes Filosóficos* (*Philosophic Notations*), the latter being written just two years before the author's death. It summarizes his thinking and was written, Korn said, not for professional philosophers but for students of the subject. Its seventeen short chapters of unusual clarity begin with defining philosophy and end with discussing action in life. Indeed, the key words for understanding the fundamentals of Korn's thought may be found in "creative liberty and action." Because his outlook is so much like religious Humanism in the United States, it is appropriate to call him a Humanist. The following outlines particularly the Argentine's teaching of the role of human personality in the universe.

*The sixth of a series of articles on Latin-American leaders appearing from time to time in the columns of UNITY.

It is important, in Korn's philosophy, to distinguish clearly between the objective world of nature and the subjective realm of human personality. "The work of the human will," he writes, "is one thing, that of natural energies, another. The river, tree, man himself, are creatures of nature; the loom and the Bible are historic creations." Let us therefore survey first his idea of nature and secondly his view of the person. The realm of nature is not a construction of the mind, an ideal conception; it is instead a reality. Although real, it is not an accomplished creation but a perpetual process of becoming. The true function of the sciences is the study of this physical universe which is neither moral nor immoral, but neutral. What, then, is the relation between human personality and nature? The self cannot indeed be separated from nature, but is nevertheless different from it. The distinction, as has been said, is of vital importance, which brings us to a consideration of Korn's philosophy of the person.

In contrast to the blind, objective world which is the object of the sciences, is the purposive, subjective realm of personality which is the object of philosophic study. The self is not an epiphenomenon of the mechanical universe, like the spark from an engine, but is a reality. Unlike outward nature, however, the person forms purposes, develops ideals, and subordinates conduct to approved ends. Thus Korn opposes a materialism which would reduce all realities in the universe to mechanical explanation. The person, on the other hand, has autonomous existence and possesses freedom. Thus both the objective world of nature and the subjective realm of the self are real and inseparable, but different in important respects.

The human personality, according to Korn, may take two dissimilar kinds of approaches toward the natural world. One way is negative. The human being may feel so overwhelmed by nature that he responds negatively by simply resigning to it. The great religious systems, for example, respresent this negative reaction of humanity before the conditions of existence. The self may also be hindered in its true development toward moral ends by succumbing to natural, egotistic impulses. The other manner in which persons may respond is affirmatively, and this is what Korn urges. Confronting the world, the self endeavors to realize intellectual, aesthetic, and moral values. "Our mission is not to adapt ourselves to our physical and social environment, but, on the contrary, to adapt our environment to our aspirations of justice and beauty." In the historical process, as distinguished from the natural process, culture is created by personalities.

> The historic work of the species is called culture: it is the expression of values which it has affirmed. We oppose culture as the creation of the human will, to nature which is the creation of an energy outside our will. . . . Culture is a manifestation of our native creative ability in science, arts, letters. . . . The human task is the creation of culture confronting the indifferent process of nature.

Thus Alejandro Korn's conviction of the nature of human personality leads him to urge an affirmative philosophy of creative liberty and action.

Portrait in Smoke

EDITH LOVEJOY PIERCE

Bombs had been falling on Essen. The damage, though vaguely reported, must have been immense. I fell to grieving for Marielisabeth. Unless she had managed to escape into the country, she must be dead by now, or perhaps insane, for she was taking the war very hard when it first broke out. Her brother in the German army and my brother in the British navy were already fighting when she wrote: "Why must this horror be? How I feel for the mothers on both sides, now I have little sons of my own!" For unexpectedly she had married and gone to live in Essen. The snapshots of her older boy were beguiling indeed. Michael, the younger, was born in August, 1939, the last month of peace in Europe.

I hunted through my dusty hall drawers and unearthed an old manuscript. Essay, diary, story? I called it "Portrait of My German Friend," though it is less the portrait of a friend than the description of a friendship. Try as I might to have "Medy" dominate the canvas, my own face would keep peering over the edge. The result had always seemed too personal for publication, but now perhaps it might serve as an epitaph. Listen to this intermezzo, this interlude between two wars. . .

Marielisabeth was born in Hanover thirty-three years ago, and brought up in Potsdam, her father being a hussar who died of a spinal disease shortly before the war. Do not immediately think of the little family (widow, daughter, and son) as staunch and unpleasant militarists. Militarism had no part in their mental make-up, which was fun-loving and kind. I have heard Medy tell of her experiences during the war, of how she nearly starved to death during the British blockade, or, more correctly, nearly died of malnutrition. She added that it was not a very disagreeable experience. You did not feel like doing anything, so you just did not do anything, your stomach was always full—of something. One day she looked down and noticed that her bones were sticking out. . . There was great rejoicing that Christmas when the Mayor of Potsdam gave a bar of chocolate to every child in the city under eighteen, and Medy was just under eighteen.

She belongs to the nobility, and her ancestry dates back to the twelfth century, to Barons who lived on the land for hundreds of years, till the countryside became part of themselves. I think this is true of most Germans, whether nobles or peasants: they live close to Nature and they love Nature, but Nature, to them, means Germany. Medy has told me that she feels this tie between herself and the land so acutely, the seasons influence her so strongly, that she is literally more awake in springtime than in winter, when her very sap of life ebbs low.

I met her in Sicily ten years ago. We were staying at the same hotel in Taormina and we used to go for walks together. White petals floated down from the almond trees, and sprays of yellow jasmine arched over the mountain stream. We would step aside to let the herds of black goats crowd by. "Look at that face of a man in the rock," she pointed. "Why, you see it

immediately! You don't say, 'Where, where?' like everyone else." Four years later she came to visit me in England.

Relinquishing my British nationality, I married an American and went to live in Chicago. Sometime later I made a summer trip to Europe and invited myself to visit her in Bavaria. Her joyful letter in response was a warm welcome, and I was not the least bit fearful, as I suppose I should have been, of what might have happened to our friendship during the preceding six years. Nothing had happened. Simply nothing at all. Still the same boyish figure, the same gay smile, the fair hair, the black brows meeting above her nose, the deep-set blue eyes. No fatter, no thinner, not one line or wrinkle. In so far as fashion permitted it, almost the same clothes. The only difference was that she had acquired a dog, a stupid and devoted Sealyham. And we started talking, oh joy! nothing had changed. Still nothing. No awkwardness, no shyness, no regrets. We were still ourselves—with each other. We gossiped and laughed as we pulled the little cart with my baggage in it a mile over the rough country lanes. We plunged immediately into the most soul-searching conversation, as though we had only stopped talking a moment before to look at something across the field. With no one else could she talk so freely; she had been waiting for just this.

After tea she put on her gardening clothes: a coarse blue cotton dress she had made herself, rough leather sandals on her bare feet. We picked the beans for supper, then we started to hoe the strawberry bed. I was so happy and so excited that I hoed the runners instead of the weeds. I nearly stepped on her pet artichoke. Finally we gave up and sat cross-legged on the grey stone wall that serves as a terrace to part the flowers from the vegetables. She told me more about myself than I did! She had guessed everything. Not so much from what I had said as from what I had *not* said. My letters had conveyed more than I realized. I could only laugh at her intuition, and admit that she was right. When the sun went down behind the beechwood above her garden, I begged leave of absence and ran out into the sunlight and down the hill to the little lake. The sun was setting in a reredos of gold. Peace! Such peace as I shall never forget. An unearthly, and yet a very earthly, stillness! As though the golden motes of the sunset were a sediment sinking into the ground; as though the years, the centuries, were settling. They seemed to drag me down with them. My feet were caught in a delightful quicksand. If I had stayed for long there would have been no escape from the insidious beauty that would imprison me. The peace was almost physical. Not a spiritual achievement, or, if it was, then the achievement of those who had gone before. Is this death after all? By *death,* I mean real death, not the soul's brave journey forward into ever new realms of spirit, painful and peaceful, ever more intense—not that, for that is *not* death—but a loosening grasp, a dissolving of the self, a committing to earth, a turning over of the furrowed sod . . . The dead were all around me; not spirits but Spirit, not souls, but Soul. Such beauty, such temptation! How hard to turn away; what courage needed not to accept the common lot! And then I knew my friend's immortality would be this mortality, because she could never desire anything other than this. Hand over hand the dead reached up to her, a long line stretching up through the earth; they caught her ankles, and her feet were bound. Because she loved her country better than anything else, everywhere she went would be, not Heaven, but Germany. Not spiritual exhilaration, but beauty and rest, order and peace; not unknown tracts, but doorsteps worn by feet that went and feet that are to come. I turned away. Up in the sloping beechwood the slender trunks, tinged with a ruddy glow, might have been lit from within.

Medy was still working in her garden, cool in the shadow of the hill. She dipped a can into the well and watered the petunias. She carried a large, flat, round basket before her, then laid it down and threw the weeds into it. Her every movement was exactly as it should be, like a well-timed chord in music. A life of sincerity had made her so real, somehow, that every action was the most perfect expression of herself, as though she were continually dancing.

That night the sky was dark—no moon over the lake—but stars were scattered in the arch of space hooded by the overhanging roof. When I opened the window there was something about the set of the white squares of wood around the panes which gave me that feeling of rightness, of exactitude, that Medy herself had given me. And then I realized that her living presence haunted my room, that her strong personality trailed like mystic perfume through the house. Intense emotion seemed to crush me; what emotion I could hardly tell, but chiefly fear that this perfectly unreasonable *feeling* would somehow wrest my self-control from me, causing me to throw myself over the balcony, or somehow kill myself in the night. I had to take luminol to sleep.

Next morning she appeared, serene and unknowing as a calm sea that has done damage during the night. I told her I had been too excited to sleep well. She was surprised and said that she always slept, that sleepless nights were unknown to her. It was my turn to be surprised. What a gulf is fixed between us! I thought of the hours of insomnia I had suffered every so often, all through my life, through needless yet inevitable mental anguish. The secret of her whole nature is sublime contentment; that smile into which her lips always set as her face assumes repose is the index to her truest character. Keyserling speaks of Being as opposed to Doing. She illustrates his point. Though she has never done anything very much, her life, you sense it, is a transcendent triumph.

In the mornings we swam and sunned ourselves at the water's edge. Her dog would jump in with her and swim at her side. In the afternoons I slept while she sewed, her machine dragged out onto the balcony. She made all her own clothes; she had to. In the evenings, when it was cooler, we went walking. We searched for mushrooms in the dark little fir forests, steering our course by the sunlight through the trees, bending to clear the lower branches, and getting our bare arms scratched. We sat on a tree stump in a clearing and talked. She told me how she would love to become a hermit, to live in the woods with perhaps a few books but no people. She felt it would be wrong to retire from the world as she wished to, but it was a temptation she had to fight. I am sure this is true. How can one be so terribly self-sufficient? She spoke of a summer on one of the wild and lonely Frisian Islands. The most glorious summer of her life. For several weeks she lived with two others, an engaged couple, who would go off by themselves, leaving her to wander in the opposite direction. She would take off all her clothes, bask in the sun from morning till evening and, armed with a knife, cut limpets off the rocks for food.

Suddenly Medy called her dog, got up, and we started homeward. She said nothing to me, so as not to frighten me, but I could see that she was hurrying to get out of the wood before the sun went down. . . .

How quiet the evenings were as we sat, in the thickening dusk, on the balcony behind the geraniums! The little train, a golden caterpillar, would crawl around the lake once every night, otherwise there was no noise except the sound of occasional singing that drifted across the water. Medy's face would not be statuelike in its stillness. She would move, and her movements were quick and sudden, but they would always dissolve into repose. Her whole body would find its balance in peace. She should have been painted by Memling, not because her features resemble those of his models, but because he understood so well the now lost art of rest. There is indeed something medieval about Medy. Her mind is high and narrow, like a stained glass window, brightly colored and very definite. In her judgment of others she is merciful, but there is something intolerant in her attitude toward concepts and ideas. Her skepticism is as outlined and intense as any martyr's faith. She likes to feel her own insignificance compared with the awe and beauty and grandeur of creation. It gives her the sense of exhilaration that the believer feels in the presence of God. She does believe in a Creator, but she has no desire to have any personal contact with Him. She does not feel the fatherhood of God, and she will not admit that Creation has a meaning, or that pain is of any value whatsoever. Religion means nothing to her, and philosophy is completely beyond her scope. She loves the wild, inexplicable beauty of the world. She does not wish to come to terms with it, to tame it into a creed, or lead it by a rope of logic. "Christ solved no problems," she once declared. I could not answer right away. My mind was unseated by such a sudden thrust. I meant to tell her later that deep problems of the spirit cannot be solved intellectually, that Christ did more than solve our problems for us, he submitted to them with us,—but I knew there was no part of her that could perceive what I meant. But Medy's limitations do not surprise or disappoint one, they are not sudden traps. They are as plain as the leaden boundaries of the colored panes. Her utter sincerity forbids her to hide anything in herself, no matter how unlovely, but just this sense of truth lights up both loveliness and unloveliness with a glow of its own.

Medy is kind. Her critical faculty stands her in good stead. She is able to pierce the traditional barriers dividing class from class. She is kind to high and low, old and young, and there is never a particle of condescension in her kindness. To walk with her through the countryside one would think she owned every field and farm. Not from any pride of ownership that she displays, but simply from her natural love for every ear of barley, every blade of grass. She owns nothing, the war has dispossessed her, but the war could not alter the fact that the land belongs to her by right of birth. It is just because she sees in the peasants around her fellow Germans that she feels so keenly their successes and reverses. Not because they are human beings, but because they are her people.

Her poverty is so acute that when she goes to visit her friend in East Prussia she has to travel twenty hours on the hard wooden bench of a third-class train. To many another, a friend would not be worth the effort, but Medy is nothing if not loyal to her friends. Lack of possessions and physical discomfort do nothing to shake her calm, invulnerable because she is content with so little. There was a grief once that fell like a stone into the sea of her peace. It never dissolved, it is still there, hard and real as ever, but she keeps it in its place, below water, out of sight even of her own eyes.

I only once heard her sound a note of regret. It was when she spoke of marriage, saying that it was the only possible career for a woman. She herself is not married on account of that hard stone of grief which never dissolved, that calcareous deposit in her living flesh. She lives with her mother. It is a curious combination. The mother is impulsive, uncritical, and easy to understand. She knows little of what goes on in her daughter's mind. I do not think that they fight, they simply never meet. One lives on the top floor, as it were, and the other below. They never even cross on the stairs. One would think that this loneliness would be hard on Medy. I am convinced it is only her mother who suffers. For the mother is very human, able to regret the old, gay, carefree days. With a rubber apron hanging around her neck, and a jar of preserved peaches in her hand, she stops to talk to me on her way to the storeroom, glad to find a ready listener. Her eyes light up and she forgets time and place. She is dancing again in the spacious palaces of Vienna; she remembers the court functions, the horses, the operas, the travel. Does it make her sad to have to forego it all? "The company, no; the music, yes." Her spontaneity, her still girlish laughter, play against a background of bravery and mute renunciation. With her two husbands dead, her son far away and her daughter unable to share the past with her, I am sure she feels that there is none who cares. To Medy the gay life would have no appeal. More precious to her an inviolable independence and the pride of spirit that is content with what the day brings forth. Sunshine, spare time, and her own free will make for her a perfect day. For it is she who is the truer noblewoman. Centuries of breeding have developed in her an aristocracy, intolerant of shams and hypocrisies, disdaining helps to happiness. Quiet and detached, she goes her mysterious way. Sometimes I think her being reaches back beyond the Middle Ages to the classical world. Surely her self-sufficiency, her unquestioning tranquillity, belong to the pre-Christian era. And does not that unruffled smile suggest the beauty of the Pagan World?

It is this undisturbed clarity which attracts me, this naive cutting of knots instead of untying them, this suffering not her foot to be moved. And I think that what appeals to her in me is just the reverse: a something dark and troubled and incalculable. I typify for her the wildness of all Christ-created things. Fascinated, she looks down into my mind as though it were a well. Carefully she avoids the brink.

The little white dusty road winds from Etterschlag to Walchstadt. School children with satchels on their backs follow its serpentine course instead of striking out through the stubble fields. At the roadside stands a shrine. Someone has laid dahlias at the feet of the Crucified. On either side grows a tiny silver birch tree. It is the only landmark along the narrow road. Nearby, the green field covered with wild parsley rises to a little hill. I climb up it and sit on a bench among the briars and the blue and yellow wild flowers. I look out over the wheat and barley fields and the patches of fir forest, to the village with its white houses with red roofs and its church with the typical onion-shaped steeple. Under the hill, men and women are harvesting, bare-

foot, swinging the scythe. Bavaria! She has this all the time. How could *I* live here sunk in oblivion, bathed in contentment? Perhaps if I belonged . . . But I belong nowhere. Oh, Medy, which of the two of us has the better part?

I thought I would grieve deeply when I had to go, but as we leaned over the country station gate, waiting for the train to pull in, I felt surprisingly unmoved. A parting is not parting where no change is involved, and Medy will not change, even if it is twenty years before I see her again. No, Medy will not change. Sometimes I torment myself with imagining that one or another of my friends might die and leave me, but I have a comfortable feeling that Medy will survive me by many years. No matter where I may be or what I may be doing, in a lost corner of Bavaria, through snowy winters and through sunny summers Marielisabeth will watch the days go by. I ask this only of her, (to ask more would be unreasonable)—I ask this only, that her smile remain the norm of permanence in a world of constant change.

Forever I may refer to her by speech or writing; like a picture in an art gallery, she will be there next time. In the room she loves, her much lived-in bedroom, there are drawers full of letters from friends, and old notes of mine are among them. In the big, black, heavily-carved chest the poems I send her are lying. She knows by heart the old ones I have forgotten. No, Medy will not fail me. She will be permanent. She is part of earth and sky.

Marx and Religion

HUGH W. WESTON

There are two sorts of so-called religious people in America today with respect to the problem of Marxism. The first sort is opposed in varying degrees to Communism and all its works. This type of opponent of what may well prove to be necessary social change includes people ranging from those who honestly and openly attack Communism because they despise it, to those who insidiously and covertly attack it by proposing a better type of Communism for the world. (But they never work for the better type; they merely attack the current type.)

The second sort of religious people respecting Marxism are those who worship at the altar of Marxism instead of at the altar of God. Unable to deny that Marx, Engels, Lenin, and Stalin all condemn religion, they seek to prove that the only thing we have here is a problem of definition. Marx and Lenin were not really against religion, they say; Marx and Lenin just defined it differently. They were merely opposed to old-fashioned, supernatural religion. They were not opposed to *liberal* religion!

Both of these groups are dangerous to the survival of that great human, and God-given, value which is at once the keystone and lodestar of civilization—freedom. The first is dangerous to freedom, because only through acceptance of Communism as a practical necessity for much of the world can we possibly preserve freedom. The second is dangerous to freedom because this sort fails to use or esteem the freedom it would preserve.

It is against this second group—the Marx worshipers—that this article is directed.

The Marx worshippers have a creed: that Marxists can do no wrong which cannot be excused by the magic words, "changing conditions."

But the Marxists *do* do wrong. And on the subject of religion they are very much confused. They disagree among themselves. They contradict themselves, and one another. This, the Marx worshippers cannot admit.

The articles on "Marx and Spirituality," by Alfred Stiernotte and by David Easton, in the February-March, and April-May, 1942, issues of the *Protestant,* are striking examples of the attempts to gloss over the fundamental fact that Marxism does not understand religion, no matter how the word is defined. In addition to misunderstanding the nature of religion, Marxism completely lacks any clear concept of how words should be defined. Thus, not only do the Marxists represent hopeless confusion in striving to understand religion; they represent utter chaos when they even utter the word. Either they fail to define it, or they blindly disagree in their definitions.

E. Yaroslavsky, for instance, who was head of the League of Militant Atheists of the USSR, defined religion as "a belief that, in addition to the visible world that we can observe, test, and experience, there exists another world, a supernatural world." He goes on to say that the believer in religion thinks that God rules this invisible world, and that God interferes with natural law to produce good or bad harvests, good or bad luck, etc.

Clearly, if such were the Marxist definition of religion, many respectable American clergymen would have to be defined by Marxists as "atheists."

However, Marx, in his *Theses on Ludwig Feuerbach,* is much more generous in his definition of religion. He identifies it with philosophical idealism. Feuerbach had postulated a universal, or abstract, man, as the dialectical opposite of individual man, and justified religion as a worship of universal man. But Marx bitterly complained that there is no universal man. This is abstract nonsense, he argued. It is idealism. It is religion.

Lenin, in "The Teachings of Karl Marx," consistently adhered to this Marxist presentation. He quoted Engels to show that there are only two great camps of philosophy: one holding spirit as prior to nature, or idealism, and the other holding nature as having existed prior to spirit, or materialism. "Any other use (in a philosophical sense) of the terms idealism and materialism is only confusing," he said. Idealism, said Lenin, is always connected with religion.

Maxim Gorky, like Feuerbach, also seeking to preserve the vocabulary of religion, wanted to redefine the word "God" in naturalistic terms, but he was sternly rebuked by Lenin. Lenin condemned Gorky, for "redecorating" (redefining) the word "God." Words, Lenin implied, must be defined according to their meaning for the masses; and regardless of what Gorky may mean when he utters the word "God," the masses are going to understand something else. The idea of God, in any form, no matter how redefined, said Lenin, helps keep the masses in slavery. Lenin stated that any definition is unscientific and unhistorical if it is not formed according to the definite class relationships of a definite historical epoch. According to Lenin, then, for his his-

torical period, the words "God," "religion," etc., all signified something idealistic and reactionary, no matter how they were redefined.

We get to the root of the problem when we investigate the Marxist theory of how religion arose. The failure of the Marxists to consistently define or comprehend the concept of religion lies in their failure adequately to understand the nature of man. Thus they confused man's religious instinct, and the varying philosophies that he builds up out of it. The Marxists could not understand this simple fact: that the worship of the divine is an innate and essential aspect of the nature of man, and that this worship of the divine is manifest in either idealistic or materialistic ways, depending upon the character of class rule. In other words, religion is not to be equated with pholosophical idealism, because it is a larger and more inclusive term. Even though most religion has been idealistic, all religion has contained much that is materialistic, and some religion has been entirely materialistic. The Marxists betray their ignorance of all this when they describe the origins of religion. For we have, in Marxism, not one but two theories of how religion arose. First, the Marxists attempt to portray religion as the result of class exploitation. But even the Marxists know better than that. So they say, in addition, that religion was caused by primitive man's superstition and ignorance. According to Engels, "religion at first only reflected the mysterious forces of nature." It is significant that Marxists cannot deny that religion existed before there existed any exploitation of man by man! Marxism has successfully explained the forms in which religion has been made manifest and the use to which it has been put, by these two explanations—ignorance and exploitation—but it has never been able to explain how man was able to acquire a concept of transcendence, which is the heart and essence of religion. The only way in which this can be explained is by realizing that transcendence is a fact of the essential nature of man, and that for this transcendence, this freedom, the symbol "God" has through the ages been used, and misused. But the concept of transcendence is explained neither by ignorance nor by exploitation. The concept of transcendence has always been the essential element in the word "God," no matter what other idealistic nonsense was tacked onto it.

There can be many definitions of the word "religion," but the only one that will suffice must comprehend that religious ceremonies have been related to more than just ignorance and exploitation—and this can be argued squarely upon the rules (?) of definition set up by the Marxists. An adequate definition must comprehend that religious ceremonies have been related, in the minds of the participants, not only to ignorance and class ideology, but also to an innate, worshipful attitude, essential to the nature of man, and depending upon man's freedom (in the pholosophical sense). And the word "religion," whether the Marxists like it or not, contains this concept, and it contains it for the masses. That is why the word "religion" and the concept to which it relates, cannot be completely destroyed unless some new word is coined which will symbolize the same truth. Words are more than Marxists think they are. They are symbols that dig down deep into our subconscious minds and release emotional impulses which, being based on the reality of existence, give meaning and understanding. If the Marxists would define the word "religion" apart from its roots in the essential nature of man, then they must coin a new word for this aspect of the old word, and they must spend a few hundred years educating the world to an understanding of the meaning of the new word and the new meaning of the old one. On the other hand, accepting for a moment the Marxist criteria of definition, the masses of people are already brought to understand that religion is not necessarily idealistic, as evidenced in statements such as: "Communism is a religion" or "His business firm is his religion."

Marxism, as an economic theory, is a tremendous contribution to the thinking of the world, and the strategy and tactics of class struggle which the Marxist Leninists have given the world are, in the writer's opinion, the only tactics that will save freedom as a *possibility* in much of the world. But Marxism, as a religio-philosophical system, is a confused romanticism reacting against the rationalism of the nineteenth century. In its protest against idealism, it protested against that which is not necessarily idealistic. Its religio-philosophical side is a confused expression of certain basic laws of economic determinism. Marxism is devoid of any profound insight into the nature of spirituality, though it accepts the *word;* and, thus, lacking a comprehension of history and historic tragedy, the counterpart of man's freedom, Marxism falls into the pit of Utopianism, and readily gives rise to Marxist worship. Marxism fails to see what religion sees: that man's freedom is transcendent as well as imminent and that therefore freedom has possibilities that cannot be calculated. Marxism fails to see that the meaningfulness of history depends upon the God-given, or freedom-given, possibility of using freedom for destructive as well as for creative and constructive change. In a word, Marxism defines religion in terms of the philosophical idealism permeating religion as it was understood by rationalism, but Marxism, limited by the circumstances of the time in which it was born, failed to see that religion's philosophical idealism was itself only a confused and incorrect expression of religion's essence and true meaning—imminent and transcendent freedom. And a philosophy or system of thought which fails to comprehend the meaning of freedom, and therefore the possibility even of its own tragic destruction, becomes a bearer of Utopianism, and claims to be a god in its own right.

The task of prophetic religion in our era is not to whitewash Marxism by stating the lie that Marxism's atheism is all a matter of definition, and that Marx and Lenin would really favor liberal and prophetic religion. Marx and Lenin were both thoroughly familiar with all kinds of liberal and prophetic religion, but because they mistakenly identified nineteenth century philosophical idealism with the word "religion," they were opposed to all that went by the name of religion.

Neither is the task of prophetic religion in our era that of condemning Marxism. Prophetic religion must aid the victory of Marxism and of Communism in those areas of the world where this may be the only practical possibility, and therefore a practical necessity, for the preservation of freedom. But prophetic religion must protest against the pride and arrogance of Marx worship, and against the attitude that Marx and Marxists can do no wrong.

Religion is rooted in man's freedom, and is properly expressed by the worship of, or commitment to, the transcendence which is the source and ground of that freedom. When religion fails to do this, and instead

worships the ruling class, or a creed, or a hero, or an institution, or the system of Marx—even though it may disguise its false commitment by utilizing the word "God"—then religion denies its essential nature and ceases to be pure religion, and becomes a mass of form worshipping form. It becomes devotion to an older or a new status quo instead of to the Eternity that lifts one out of the tragedy of the sequence of status quo.

And it is against this condition, whether in religion or in Marxism, that prophetic religion must always protest.

Service for Women in an Old New Hampshire Church

WALLACE TIBBETTS

The preacher in an old New Hampshire church concluded reading the Scripture and announced his text from the gospel according to St. John 19, the 27th verse: "Behold thy Mother." By special invitation the women of his parish had attended the morning service in this white meeting house; it had recently been refreshed and the new paint, both outside and inside, gave evidence that the energetic women had consummated a plan long cherished. It was they who raised the money and everyone agreed that the ancient edifice presented an artistic appearance—an assignment well done. The wide, green lawn was trimmed and edge-cut, many plants bloomed in freshly made beds. The deep-toned bell in the belfry had given due warning and the church was well filled, only the front pews were empty.

As the preacher closed the Book and looked out upon the upturned faces and friendly eyes of his congregation there was keen anticipation and breathless silence. He had been their leader and counsellor for many years, his familiar, fatherly face appeared today to have a glowing lustre of spiritual elation; it may have been the rays of sunshine flashing through the memorial window above the pulpit that illuminated his white head. His voice was low and clear, not free from intonations of local influence; quaint expressions exactly described his ideals and teachings. Mere words do not explain the appeal and deep sincerity of his sermon; there was more quality of heart than language can possibly import. In substance he said:

King Alpin of Scotland in the year 787 is said to have given a royal order of permission to the Grant Clan to possess certain lands at Invernesshire, Scotland. A castle was here erected and became the residence of the Grant family. Little is known of the history of the castle until 1259; from that date the battle cry of the Clan—"Stand fast—Rock of Alarm"—was well known and often heard. Interest centers on two points. First, Margaret Grant, direct descendant of the Clan. Her picture and one of the castle, both in oil, hang in the preacher's study. She was his grandmother and lived here for many years, and lies now in the village churchyard.

The second point of interest concerns an oil painting of "St. Catherine of Alexandria," one of the greatest sixteenth century Italian art treasures. In the fall of 1941 this treasure was discovered in the attic of the historic Grant Clan castle. The picture is regarded as the finest work of Zampieri Dominichino, done at Bologna, while the artist was painter to the pontiff, during the same period Leonardo Da Vinci painted Mona Lisa. The Pope regarded Dominichino's masterpiece so highly that he ordered it placed to adorn the altar of Spanish Cathedral. Some time prior to 1746 it was purchased by a member of the Grant Clan.

The painting was hung in the Grant castle and forgotten for nearly two centuries; the canvas was almost black, the only part visible being the head, at the time it was discovered. It was taken to Georges Bonne in Paris and this famous restorer of paintings at the Louvre cleaned every thread of the canvas and marvelous colors emerged from the mist of smoke, incense, and time. Bonne's skill aided by a powerful magnifying glass and a fine needle, dipped in cleaning fluid, brought renewed life to the fabric and gave back to the world of art a priceless gem. Bonne declared the odor of incense was remarkably strong and had preserved both paint and canvas perfectly.

The preacher saw a similarity in the restored painting and the work he had been doing in his ministry these many years. By his example and teaching in daily contacts and in the pulpit he had, with pride in his calling and diligence, attempted to magnify the good he found in every thread of the fabric comprising the life of his people, not confining his efforts to his parishioners alone. Always he could see the true colors even when mist and faults clouded virtues and potential worthiness. Knowing where to probe, he did not spare the cleaning fluid—his prayers, charities, and advice were offered, and when the demand arose he did not spare reproach and censure. Incense arose from his kindness and helped to preserve the color and fabric of the lives he touched.

In the lives of the women of his parish he saw daily real illustrations of faith, hope, and charity in performance of Christian duty. These women, he said, always register activity, not repose—their hands are hands of accomplishment, never are they folded as in Whistler's "Mother." Kipling's lines describe more accurately and with force the meaning intended: "Know whose love would make me whole" and "Know whose love would come down to me" in the deepest sea.

To visualize womanhood he chose to use the words devotion, exertion, animation, eagerness. To quote the preacher briefly:

"When these descriptive words are spoken, of whom do you think? What pictures flash across your minds? Let us outline, together, the lives of some women you may select.

"You will doubtless immediately think of Joan of Arc, Florence Nightingale, Edith Cavell, Helen Kellar, or Jane Addams, Clara Barton, perhaps Marie Curie. With these names how promptly we all associate scenes of battle and sacrifice, service of nurses and self-denial, daring aid to soldiers and refugees, mental and painstaking courage to overcome physical misfortunes; we recognize vision and zeal as social neglect was attacked and cures promoted. We are familiar with American Red Cross action in war and disaster relief in times of peace, and finally we admit our indebtedness for the

devotion to research and discovery in sciences so nobly given to mankind with no desire expressed on the part of the donor for either compensation or public recognition. Nobility of character and permanent accomplishments with benefits to humanity we find in every view of the lives of these women.

"Turn your thoughts now to the life of the wife of Benjamin Disraeli. The whole course of English history was changed by the influence and skillful advice of the intelligent wife of this British prime minister. Contrast gracious, inconspicuous cooperation on her part with some aspects of Lincoln's family life during his term of office as President. A recent book deals more kindly with Mrs. Lincoln than we have heretofore accepted as her personal history and reactions in the role of first lady in the White House. Imagine, if you will, the tumult in your lives if you were suddenly transplanted from this quiet village and found yourselves in some exalted position. Suppose ambitions and whims, together with your petty faults and deceits, were all subjected to the glare and spotlight of publicity. Could you meet the test? In my opinion you each would do so. Great is my faith in the women of my church!

"Again may we consider another woman whose influence perhaps helped to reconstruct and preserve our nation. Nancy Hanks has not been thus appraised. The woman chosen by the Lord to be the mother of Abraham Lincoln lacked nearly everything we consider essential to success and happiness. Even the bare necessities of life were denied her, yet who else could have planted in the heart and soul of her child the principles that carried him through the trials and turmoil of ignorance, poverty, political strife, heart-breaking war, and thence to glorious victory, until at long last his place was secure in the heart of America. There is his everlasting memorial—a monument not made with material, nor shaped or carved by the hands of men. Let us believe in the absence of better proof that Lincoln's heritage and destiny were born of his mother.

"If he were alive today you may be sure the great Lincoln would suggest that a memorial be erected to the woman who gave him life—to be dedicated to every American and inscribed 'Behold thy Mother.'

"As I recount the virtues of all of these women whose names I have mentioned—remembering as I do the lustre that time and history have added—in all sincerity I say none of them have surpassed you, the noble women of my parish, in awareness of spiritual duty. As God has given you opportunities, none of you have lacked the courage to give less than the greatest gifts bestowed by these historic heroines, for you have made possible our nation's strongest fortress, the homes of America.

"In all the years among you seldom have I made personal references to our family history and I do so now with humility but with pride.

"Over 100 years before the 'St. Catherine of Alexandria' painting was first hung in the Grant castle in Scotland, the good ship *James* brought to this country from London, England, the family of Elizabeth—her husband, Henry, and two infant sons—my ancestors. Based on family records and events retold in legend and tradition I now see in imagination their log cabin home, and nearby blacksmith shop. At Dover Neck in the Province of New Hampshire in 1635 these pioneers established themselves. Elizabeth's sturdy mind and ability overcame the hardship of primitive ways of life.

"A century later Margaret Grant's parents came here. I see the quaint figure in bonnet and shawl of my grandmother Margaret.

"I cherish the names of Elizabeth and Margaret. To them and the legion of pioneer mothers who laid the foundation of our church and nation today, I pay this tribute of respect and admiration.

"May I not tell this present generation and the oncoming generations that these pioneer mothers gave birth to America. I point to yonder shining shore where they are gathered. I say with deep reverence: 'Behold thy Mother.'"

The Study Table

Uncompromising Study of War

RETURN OF THE TRAVELLER. *By Rex Warner. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 208 pp. $2.00.*

Where are the pacifist books—the books hating and exposing war—which should properly be appearing in this second World War? There were plenty of them in the last World War, and they began to be published early in that great struggle. Some of them remain as classics of their kind—Barbusse's *The Deluge,* Latzko's *Men in War,* Duhamel's *Civilization,* and Romaine Rolland's *Clerambault.* But such books have not appeared in this war. Is it because abhorrence of war is so complete that it can focus in no one mind or no single work of literature? But there is no poetry in this war as there was in abundance in the last war. That is another mystery!

But the spell, whatever it is, has at last been broken by this remarkable book by Rex Warner, originally published in England under the much more appropriate title, *Why Was I Killed?* This book is notable, first of all, as a work of exceptional literary beauty. I am not familiar with Mr. Warner's earlier books, but writing like this should give him a high place among the English authors of the present day. The style shows complete mastery of the language in its more poetic aspects. And through it all, like the music of a flowing brook, there runs a poignancy of feeling, a deep compassion for humanity and its pitifully inadequate understanding of human life, that touches the heart with a peace that conquers pain. There are not many books that rank at once as literature, but this is one.

Return of the Traveller is chiefly notable to me, however, for its uncompromising study of the problem of war. The central figure of the story is a young soldier who has been killed in battle, and who wanders back into the homes and haunts of living men. He wants to know why he had to die in this fashion—why he was deliberately robbed of everything that life has to offer. In his mystic quest, he finds himself in a cathedral, standing with a priest and a group of six sightseers by the grave of an Unknown Soldier. By the sheer power of his spiritual presence, all unseen though unconsciously felt, he brings these people to the discussion of the question as to the death of these young soldiers.

Why? *Why?* WHY?

The discussion is much like that of Job—it is eloquent and sincere, but it does not seem to find an answer. Each person in the group has his own groping theory of the tragedy. Why do these wars come along, and why do these soldiers die? Sir Alfred Fothey thinks that they died, and died nobly, for their country. "Patriotism" is the word! A young artisan, with his young wife, spoofs at this. "This patriotism stuff . . . is all bunk," he says. The soldier died because he was killed, that's all. And "he got killed because he got hit with something." Why look for any meaning, least of all any nobility, in such a death? This point of view is met by another sightseer who is a refugee from Germany. These soldiers are dead, he insists, because they were willing to give themselves to the defense of all that is precious in our civilization. This Unknown here, he died to defend mankind—"culture, civilization, progress."—"He is dead to resist the evil idea. He did not aggress, but he defended. It was very good." This explanation leads to a long statement by a middle-aged man, the fifth member of the group, who presents the political and economic aspects of war. He would say to the soldier: "You were killed because of the folly and incapacity of your own government." But he recognizes that behind the blunderings of government lie deeper forces, and he goes on, "He [the dead soldier] was fortunate or unfortunate enough to be born at a period when the slow forces of necessity were in the act of producing a new form of society and a new type of man." In this "there were ideals, there were possibilities, which deserved not only defense but active fighting for their furtherance." This is too much for the last member of the group, a grief-stricken woman, who cries out in protest. "This soldier, I would tell him that he died for the sins of the whole world. He meant no harm. Nor did we. But we all killed him, and he killed himself."

All this is the prologue, so to speak. The main body of the book is concerned with finding out why these various persons think and speak as they do. In a series of flashbacks, the dead soldier penetrates into the mind of each speaker, and in that mind finds the story of his life, more particularly his contact and experience with war. It is here that the work takes on a power to match its beauty. War is stripped naked of its glamor, its glory, its heroism, and shown for what it is—a crime of violence and hate breaking into the sanctities of human life, as an invading army breaks into a lovely country, and wrecking everything in sight. The precious things of the world are not saved by war but destroyed by war, as witness these personal lives ravaged and ruined in one way or another by what they have been through in war. And this, in one way or another, they try to defend—all but the little artisan who has lost his soul in cynicism and self-seeking, and the mother who knows that it is all a part of the sin of the world. Seldom has there been a fiercer indictment of war than this. There is no stridency in these pages—it is all quiet and calm and sure. But the damning verdict of condemnation is clear, as war stands convicted of its own horror.

It is the priest who has held the discussion together, and who at the end brings it to a close. The last chapter, which is the priest's discourse, is the most exalted portion of the book—like the utterance of Jehovah in the last chapters of Job. But like this same utterance, it tells us little of the mystery. Why war? Why did this soldier die? The priest tries to fit these questions into the providence of God, but there they seem to be lost rather than answered. I could wish that there had been a clearer revelation in these closing pages of what is the vast apocalypse of war. But the priest at least makes manifest the eternal truth that life is worth living and is still beautiful even with war maiming and killing us, if only because of the challenge to get rid of it and therewith deliver mankind from death.

"And there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away."

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Revelation Is Not Sealed

AN AMERICAN DILEMMA. *By Gunnar Myrdal. New York: Harper & Bros. 2 vol. $7.50.*

Despite the price and the size, these two volumes are Scripture for any serious student of race relations—layman or minister alike. Noteworthy about the approach of this study is that it was a team affair and that the leader, Gunnar Myrdal, was chosen purposely because, as a foreigner, he could have an outsider's perspective. But as an outsider, he was able "to turn a deficiency into a virtue" and to see the unpleasant paradoxes quickly. And right in his Introduction he blandly says: "There are few liberals, even in New England, who have not a well-furnished compartment of race prejudice, even if it is usually suppressed from conscious attention."

Upon first receiving the book, an impatient Unitarian turns immediately to the index. Chagrined, he finds Unitarianism not mentioned, although there are a dozen entries on Communism and the Communist Party. And, sadly, the Unitarian has to admit that this might be a rough commentary on the comparative contributions of these two movements to Negro-white relations in America during the past two decades.

A chapter is devoted to the church and the reader soon finds this statement: "Of the Protestant churches, the Congregationalists and Quaker churches have probably been most nearly equalitarian, but they have made little headway among Negroes." And then there is this innocent little footnote: "The small Bahai Church . . . is the only white-dominated church in which there may be said to be absolutely no segregation or discrimination." This reviewer will gladly pay cable charges for a message to author Myrdal in Sweden for any Unitarian church able to challenge this statement!

To Myrdal, the American dilemma is the moral dilemma of conflict between the "American Creed" and the American deed. The status of the Negro in America is "a century-long lag of public morals. In principle, the Negro problem was settled long ago; in practice the solution is not effectuated." The author points out that "this moral struggle goes on within people; and not only between them." Thus people "twist and mutilate their beliefs of how social reality actually is." Witness the current feelings about the pamphlet, *The Races of Mankind.*

This reviewer does not pretend to have read thoroughly these great volumes. But magnificently they affirm the Unitarian adage that revelation is not sealed. What should be sealed is the lips of those amateur race strategists—Unitarian and orthodox—often in high places—North and South—until they have absorbed the spirit of these significant volumes.

HOMER A. JACK.

Western Unitarian Conference

RANDALL S. HILTON, Executive Secretary
700 Oakwood Boulevard, Chicago, 15, Illinois

Grant Butler to Des Moines

Rev. Grant Butler, who for the past several years has been minister of the St. Paul's Congregational Church of Chicago, has been called to the pastorate of the First Unitarian Church of Des Moines, Iowa. Mr. Butler will take up his duties there on September 1. He is a graduate of the Chicago Theological Seminary and was called to St. Paul's Church on the recommendation of the late Dr. Sydney Snow. Mr. Butler was granted Unitarian Fellowship last May.

Pennington Called to Chicago, First Church

At a meeting of the congregation of the First Unitarian Church of Chicago, held on July 17, Rev. Leslie T. Pennington, minister of the First Parish of Cambridge, Massachusetts, was extended an invitation to become pastor of the church, to succeed Dr. Von Ogden Vogt. Doctor Vogt was elected Minister Emeritus.

Beverly Calls John Mendelssohn

Mr. John Mendelssohn, a student at Harvard University and minister of the Unitarian Church of Brewster, Massachusetts, has accepted the invitation of the Beverly Unitarian Fellowship of Chicago to become its minister. Mr. Mendelssohn has been preaching at Beverly during the month of July. He will begin his work there on September 1. Mr. Mendelssohn, who would have been a senior in the Divinity School at Harvard University this year, will complete his theological training at Meadville and the University of Chicago.

Wayne Shuttee to Cleveland

Wayne Shuttee has been called as assistant to Rev. Everett M. Baker in Cleveland, Ohio. Mr. Shuttee, who graduated from Meadville this past June, will succeed Mr. Robert Holden who is entering the Navy as a chaplain. During the summer months, Shuttee is the acting minister of St. Paul's Congregational Church, Chicago, where he has been assistant to Rev. Grant Butler for the past year.

Homer Jack Heads Chicago Council

Dr. Homer Jack, minister of the Unitarian Church of Lawrence, Kansas, is acting as Executive Secretary of the Chicago Council Against Racial and Religious Discrimination, for the summer months. In this capacity he has appeared before the platform committees of the Republican and Democratic conventions.

Arthur L. Weatherly Dies

Rev. Arthur L. Weatherly, for many years minister of the Unitarian Church of Lincoln, Nebraska, and who retired just two years ago, died at his summer home in New Hampshire on June 25. He was for many years one of the outstanding liberals of the Unitarian movement. He never lost his interest in progressive social and theological movements. He was beloved by his colleagues, both old and young, and will be greatly missed by them. One always knew that Arthur Weatherly would be on the side of progress and would support all movements for the welfare of the common man.

Journal of Liberal Religion

The Summer issue of the *Journal of Liberal Religion* has reached its subscribers. This issue is an excellent handbook on Post-War Planning. Included in it are articles by Rev. Donald Harrington, formerly of People's Liberal Church, Chicago, and now of Community Church, New York, analyzing the major plans proposed by Mr. Harvey O'Connor, author of *Mellon's Millions,* and a director of American Labor Planning Service, on economic planning; by Rev. Stephen H. Fritchman, Editor of the *Christian Register,* on the political aspects of planning; by Dr. Everett M. Baker, Cleveland, on the social aspects of planning; by Rev. Leslie T. Pennington on the religious aspects; and a summary by Prof. James Luther Adams, of Meadville, and former Editor of the *Journal.*

This is the first issue under the editorship of Rev. Edwin T. Buehrer. An attractive new format has been adopted and the new type is eminently readable. The contents of the articles are well worth reading.

Geneva Board to Meet August 12

The pre-conference meeting of the Board of Directors for the Mid-West Unitarian Summer Assembly will meet at Conference Point Camp, on Lake Geneva, Wisconsin, at 7 p. m., on Saturday, August 12, the evening prior to the opening of the conference. The members of the Board are:

Terms Expiring

1944

Rev. W. J. Arms, Peoria.
Mr. Robert Gross, Toledo.
Mrs. Wilma Johnson, Minneapolis (Vice Chairman).

1945

Mrs. Randall S. Hilton, Chicago.
Rev. G. Richard Kuch, Rockford.
Mrs. Charles H. Moran, St. Louis (Chairman).

1946

Rev. E. T. Buehrer, Chicago.
Mrs. O. M. Larrimore, Des Moines.
Rev. Kenneth L. Patton, Madison.

Ex Officio

The Dean: Randall S. Hilton, Chicago.
The Registrar: Mrs. Lou Haycock, Chicago.
The Treasurer: Fritz Schaeffer, Indianapolis.
American Unitarian Association: Ernest Kuebler, Boston.
American Unitarian Youth: Shirley Heinze, Detroit.

Conference Record Broken

Mrs. Lou Haycock, Registrar for the Geneva Conference, has reported that all previous records for advance registrations have been broken. Over 100 paid registrations have come in and others keep coming in every day. There also have been many registrations made for which money was not sent.

Watch for the announcement about
THE UNITARIAN CHURCH OF THE LARGER FELLOWSHIP